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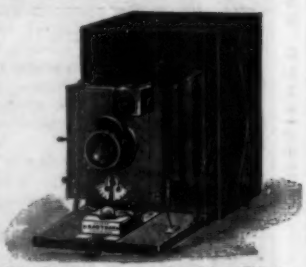

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Question. You consider war a curse?

Answer. Certainly; and one that should be avoided at almost any cost.

Q. But you would not sacrifice the honour of your country to secure peace?

A. No; but then "honour" is an elastic term, having more than one signification.

Q. You would reverence the Army and Navy?

A. Unquestionably. The more especially in referring to them in a speech delivered at the fag end of a charity dinner.

Q. You would increase both Services?

A. To any limit, at the instigation of the writer of a soul-stirring leading article.

Q. You would cheer a song with a refrain ending with "England," or "Fatherland," or "Victoria"?

A. To the echo. And my applause would be the louder if bestowed from the auditorium of a comic opera house or a theatre of varieties.

Q. But would not war spell "disaster"?

A. Yes, in shape of famine.

Q. And yet you have nothing but enthusiasm for bellicose ballads?

A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

Little Lord Charles. "OH, I'M GOING TO BE AN *OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR*, WHEN *I* GROW UP."

Fair American. "BUT YOUR BROTHER 'S GOING TO BE A *DUKE*, ISN'T HE?"

L. L. C. "AH, YES; BUT THAT 'S ABOUT ALL HE 'S *FIT* FOR, YOU KNOW!"

A. To be sure. But then it must be remembered that songs are harmless until their words cease to be syllables and become deeds.

Q. Then, in spite of spirited leading articles and Jingo minstrelsy, you would act with moderation?

A. Yes, as represented by the Government.

Q. And you would prefer rumours of war to war itself?

A. Naturally; for the former have all the advantages of martial glory without the drawbacks.

Q. But, supposing that it turned out after careful consideration—after taking into account the possibility of seizing foreign colonies and securing the remainder of the world's carrying trade—it seemed likely that war might be profitable, would you then counsel peace?

A. No; for then hostilities would have come within the bounds of business. Once prove that a good general row will yield dear old England a safe four per cent, and Britannia will draw her sword, and let her lion not only growl, but bite.

ANTICIPATORY OF FEBRUARY 14.—In view of the meeting of Parliament Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is preparing to send Mr. J. CHAMBERLAIN a Transvaalentine.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK. THE SAVELOY.

I.—MYSTERIES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

Is the world coming round to my point of view after all, and is the great heart of the nation beginning to recognise that what interests me must be the most important factor in life? Here is a charming magazine, written by contributors who have the full courage of their woman's creed, and very refreshing it is to turn from the morbid philosophy of the Besantine school of literature to the sweet fresh air of the new world to which Mr. WEIRDSLEY and his colleagues take us. There is not an article in the volume that one can put down without feeling the better and the purer for it.

II.—AN IDYLL OF THE SEASIDE.

I have neither fear nor shame in printing the following extract from a breezy article by the editor.

Margate, 1895. *By Simple Symons.*

I went to Margate this year by the excursion-train with the intention of remaining only for the eight hours of vulgarity without fun that we trippers are promised, and I remained from Saturday till Monday! What is it in this so little watering-place that appeals to the poet, and that turns us all, at our moments, into helpless and drivelling idiots?...

Ah! but the beach on a sunny morning! What a feast of colour, of movement, of so various curiosities! Here is the smart brandy-ball man with his paper cap, here the quaint seller of old-world pebbles. On certain mornings negro minstrels perform on the sands. You cannot imagine anything more delicious. These, it should be said, are not real negroes; they are simply ordinary white men, with their faces painted black. How amusing it all was, how interesting they were, how they invited to the wandering of vague emotion!

I had my own little romance on the beach—the most absurd of little romances. Still!

There was an old bathing-woman, known as MARTHA GUNN. She avoided me in so marked a manner that I saw she was in love with me. Once, when I smiled at her, she waved at me, as in mock defiance, a little, teeny bathing-dress. Sometimes she would sit on the steps of a bathing machine, knitting. I thought once of kissing my hand to her. But, after all, was it worth while? Yet it would have pleased her, my dear old friend, whom I never knew, but who, I knew, loved me. More than all others, MARTHA GUNN seemed to sum up Margate for me....

This plaintive philosophy will come home to many as a revelation and a hope.

III.—UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

The article from which I subjoin an extract, and which is deeply interesting in the present political crisis, will, I venture to think, add much to the making or the marring of the joys and sorrows of those who live in what the Decadents and the Ibsenites choose to call "the end of the century."

A Fine Child. By Max Mereboom.

I first saw him last summer, in the Isle of Wight, clapping his chubby little hands, and crowing with delight as he sailed his toy-ship. A fine child he is, fond of his rocking-horse, fonder still of playing with soldiers. For the rest, I find but one slight stain on his infant life. He is a trifle quarrelsome, and, when other children fight, he will run and kiss the victor, or hit the vanquished with his clenched fist. Once he locked his little brother up in a cupboard for doing something that displeased him. He prefers *sauerkraut* even to Mellin's food, and dearly loves a musical box that plays "*Die Wacht am Rhein.*" He cannot bear to leave his toy-boats at home. He cries when he goes out, and says to his nurse "Kleine Billie wants Schiffe." He is perhaps a trifle spoilt. He should be, while there is yet time, placed judiciously in the corner, or deprived, it may be, of pudding. *Ein wenig Geduld!* He may yet grow up to be a great and good man.

IV.—THE MORAL TONE.

And now we come to Mr. WEIRDSLEY's work. *Under Ludgate Hill* is a novel rather of character than of adventure. It is chiefly remarkable for its terse, vigorous style, its absolute truthfulness to nature, and—more important than all the rest—its high moral tone. The character of the excellent *Mrs. Marsuple* is superbly developed, while *Claud* and *Clair* are creations—they seem to live. This book should be on every schoolroom table; every mother should present it to her daughter, for it is bound to have an ennobling and purifying influence. Here is a powerful description of the refreshment-bar of Messrs. SPIKES AND POND:—

.... The refreshment-table was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely delicacies, sufficient to make Buzzards' a place of naught. On quaint pedestals of every sort stood bottles of cherry-brandy, of gingerbeer, of lime-juice cordial. Marmalade and jam were in frail porcelain pots. There were jam-tarts that seemed to stain the table, bath-buns baked to the utmost, and flecked with tiny dead flies, macaroons of all sorts, and sandwiches cut like artificial flowers. There were seed-cakes sown with caraway-seeds, gingerbread twisted into cunning forms, and sausage-rolls so beautiful that the teeth might have no pleasure until they closed upon them.... Some of the barmaids had put on delightful little fringes dyed in reds, and yellows, and some wore great white aprons after the manner of the New Magdalen. They were silenced by the approach of the Bovril, that was served by waiters dressed in black.

Have I not said enough about the "Saveloy" to show that no family should be without it?

J. P.

THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(Up-to date Version of "Struwwelpeter.")

"LET ME SEE IF WILHELM CAN
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;
LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE!"

* * * *

"BUT FIDGETY WILL
HE WON'T SIT STILL."

* * * *

JUST LIKE ANY BUCKING HORSE.
"WILHELM! WE ARE GETTING CROSS!"

A FEMININE FAILING.

First Sportsman. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT NEW MARE OF YOURS!"
Second Sportsman. "OH, FAIRLY WELL. BUT I WISH I HAD BOUGHT A HORSE. SHE'S ALWAYS STOPPING TO LOOK AT HERSELF IN THE PUDDLES!"

THE STORY OF FIDGETY WILHELM.

(*From "Struwwelpeter" Up to Date.*)

"*LET me see if WILHELM can*
Be a little gentleman:
Let me see if he is able
To sit still for once at table!"
Thus papa bade WILL behave,
Whilst mamma looked very grave.
But fidgety WILL
He won't sit still;
He wriggles and jiggles, with nose in air,
And flusters and blusters, and tilts his chair,
Just like any bucking horse.
"*WILHELM! We are getting cross!*"

See the tiresome restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair tilts over quite!
WILHELM yells with all his might,
Grabbing at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Cloth dragged off, with WILHELM fall
Soup-tureen, knives, forks, and all.
Poor mamma does fret and frown
When she sees them tumbling down;
Poor papa makes a wry face;
Fidgety WILL's in dire disgrace!

NEW NAME FOR THE LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN CUBA.—Marshal DECAMPOS.

OF COURSE.—The *second* number of the *Minute* is announced.

THE THESPIAN TRAIN.

(*Extract from a Diary.*)

Monday.—After good night's rest, started for Newcastle. Gave two entertainments *en route* in saloon carriage. Crowded both turns. *Matinée* successful. Two afternoon performances to different passengers returning to London. Arrived in town in time for the evening's entertainment. Started again by special for Orkney Islands at 11.30 P.M.

Tuesday.—Rehearsing new piece *en route*. Supper at 2 A.M. Arranged business of Second Act in saloon at 4 A.M. Breakfast. Gave entertainment in the waiting-room. Capital business. Largest receipts on record. Performance to passengers travelling by same train. Tea. Dressed in cab. Got back to town in capital time for evening performance. Started at 11.30 P.M. for Edinburgh.

Wednesday.—Customary "before dawn" rehearsal of new piece. Introduced novel feature for passengers by same train—"Dramatic Breakfast." Played in refreshment-carriage during the meal. Enormous success. Three curtains. Travelling stage "fit up" just what was wanted. Edinburgh *matinée* a triumph. Started for return journey by special. Rehearsed new piece. Picked up double saloon-carriage containing audience *en route*, and gave special performance in it. Returned to town in excellent time for usual London programme. Left at 11 30 for Torquay.

Thursday.—Uncertain with my words during midnight rehearsal. By doctor's advice, took ten minutes for lunch. Torquay a success. Returned immediately afterwards. Extended the "drop-carriage scheme." Gave three separate performances in three double-saloon carriages. After London show, started at 11.30 P.M. for Dublin.

Friday.—Bad passage. *Matinée* on steamer to rather a poor house. Thoroughly Irish welcome. Doctor says I am "knocking myself up." Ordered me to sleep. Had a draught, and played in my slumbers. Suppose London show was all right. Left for Bath at 11.30.

Saturday.—Gave early performance at Bath because we had to be back for the London *matinée* at 2.34. Rested *en route* by doctor's orders. After second performance in town theatre at 8.30, gave special entertainment at the Harmonium Club. Supper. No sleep.

Sunday.—After leaving Harmonium Club, caught 8 o'clock train for Dover. Arrangements of the L. C. and D. Railway, as usual, capital. Managed to give short performance on board the boat in mid-Channel. Arrived at Calais. Twenty minutes' play during feeding interval. Lunched in train. No sleep. Arrived in Paris. Dressed in cab. Played before a French audience. Enthusiastic reception. Back again. Gave second performance at Amiens. Early breakfast. Dead beat. Just in time. Oh, dear!.... Heavy gale in Channel!.... Oh! where is the doctor?

(*Rest of the MS. illegible.*)

SCENE FROM DOLLYLAND. "AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

The Alarms of Mothers.

During the past ten days or so, the mothers of Great Britain have been bidding good-bye to their beloved sons. To Oxford and Cambridge, to Trinity College, Dublin, to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Fettes, Loretto, and countless other schools with great reputations and varying charges for board (gymnastics, French, German, drawing, and music, being extras of unfortunately doubtful popularity), the sons have betaken themselves, many with hampers, and all with good advice from both parents. To the father it pertains to urge his son to greater mental activity, to warn him as to the crushing effects in after life of failure in examinations, to inculcate punctuality, obedience, and (in the case of undergraduates) a discreet management of his finances. The mother, on the other hand, concerns herself with his bodily welfare. She provides him with a hamper, she implores him not to catch cold, she is eloquent on the subject of dry socks and flannel underwear, she begs him to avoid the terrible fatigues involved in eight-oar boat-races, and the inevitable danger to life and limb entailed by football. "Your grandfather," she says, "never played football, and he is vigorous and healthy at the age of eighty." The logical inference is of course obvious: abstain from football, and you will live to be a vigorous and healthy octogenarian. But sons, like all other males, are hopelessly illogical.

Here, I think, I may indulge myself with a short by-the-way on the subject of hampers. Yesterday my advice was sought by a small friend who was about to return to the house of toil. He was proceeding with his even more diminutive brother in the direction of the village grocer, in order to buy something for the terminal hamper, but he wished to know how best to employ the money intrusted to him by his mother for that purpose. "What do you think of oranges?" he asked. I suggested that oranges were a cold fruit at this time of year. "But you can take 'em to bed, you know, and warm them up a bit first. Besides," he continued, "you can make pigs out of orange peel, and put them on the French master's desk; and you can make spiffing sets of false teeth." This settled the matter; a dozen oranges were decided on. "Any jam?" I asked. "Rather. Two pots of apricot, three pots of strawgogs, and three pots of goosegogs." "What about potted shrimps?" I inquired. "Oh my, of course we'll have potted shrimps, won't we, Dick?" Dick's eyes glistened; enthusiasm burst from every feature. "Chuck her up for potted shrimps," he remarked, in a tone of deep conviction. "A cake?" I hinted. "Oh, we've got a cake ready at home, a reg'lar whopper, full of currants." A few minutes later the necessary purchases were concluded, two dozen macaroons being added at the last moment, and the heavily loaded foraging column staggered homeward in triumph with its booty.

To return to the subject of mothers. I once had the privilege of staying at home with a very massive and powerful heavy-weight oarsman, whose strength and stamina in the University boat-race had been universally admired. In accepting his mother's invitation, I had permitted myself a jocose allusion to the pleasure I should feel in being able to watch over her young Titan's restoration to health after the labours of the race. "Dear Harry," I wrote, "will want a rest; his delicate frame requires plenty of wholesome food, and it will be well for him, I am sure, to continue to go to bed early so as to get as much sleep as possible every night. I will do my best while I stay with you to persuade him to take very great care of himself." When I arrived I was welcomed as though I had been a prophet by Harry's mother: "You are the only one of Harry's friends," said that dear lady to me, "who sees that Harry is overdoing all this dreadful rowing. He looks strong, I know, but in reality he is delicate and terribly liable to colds. Have you ever seen him in one of his fits of sneezing? They are most severe, and seem to shake him to pieces. Of course, he is wilful, and refuses to listen to his mother, but now that I have your influence to support me, perhaps he will be a little more reasonable." In fact, I discovered that this picked specimen of health, strength, and endurance was considered by his dear mother to be a frail and delicate plant requiring constant care and attention. I never had so much difficulty in making my peace with anyone as I had with Harry when he discovered what I had done in a moment of ill-timed levity.

Here, too, is a letter from a mother to her son who was travelling on the Continent:—

My darling Boy,—I *am* thankful to hear you have arrived safe and sound with dear Willy. Ever since you left frightful disasters have been before my mind. First of all there was a short telegram in the papers announcing a train wrecked (the very day you were travelling) between Abbeville and somewhere else. Of course, I pictured you and Willy buried beneath horrible splinters, with the engine slowly setting fire to you both, and no means of escape, except by axes that might hack off your arms and legs before the doctors arrived. As no further accounts of the disaster followed I began to be easy, although I had already imparted such fearful and sinister forebodings to my cook that she was evidently quite certain you were in that train, and must have been deeply disappointed by your card yesterday morning announcing your safe

GOLF IS BEING PLAYED VERY MUCH IN EGYPT.

arrival at Madrid. Still, she has been cheered up by the evening papers last night about a smash to a Brussels train. Well, thank heaven, you were not in that one. At first I thought you might have been, but on reflection I found that Madrid and Brussels were not necessarily direct stations on each other's lines. Do, do take care of yourself, and wrap up well if you go out at night. Nothing is so deceptive, I am told, as a warm day in Spain. And above all things, see that you have dry sheets in the hotels. Many a young life has been cut off by damp sheets."

THE fact of the matter is that the dear creatures revel in anxieties and in carefully-planned alarms. If the nature of things fails to provide them with a reasonable cause for apprehension, they never fail to invent one for themselves. And yet, who would change that "pleasing, anxious being," a mother, for a being made of sterner stuff? From our earliest days onward, in our schoolboy troubles, in the difficulties that beset the undergraduate, in the cares and disappointments that lie about the path of the man, it is to our mothers that we turn by instinct in the sure confidence of being comforted and encouraged. And who, in the time of our little successes, will bear our banner with so bold a hand, and declare our triumph with so clear a voice as a mother? Friends may fall away from us, sorrow and pain may set their mark upon our faces, all the world may speak ill of us, but the love of a mother shines unchanged and unchangeable upon her wayward sons.

I READ the other day an account of the capture of a poacher by the police. In a struggle with the keepers he had given and taken some hard knocks, and had eventually escaped. After an active search of three days, the police tracked him down, and caught him in a shed adjoining his mother's cottage. She was giving him a cup of milk when the guardians of the law broke in upon them. "Let him have the milk," she said; "he 's had none too much to eat or drink these last days." What did it matter to her that he was a poacher, and had knocked a keeper down. To her he was still a son; she still thought of him as the little fellow whose courage and bold ways had been her pride and her fear years ago. I have no particular sympathy with those who batter keepers, but I hope this particular poacher was allowed to drink his milk before they marched him away from his poor old mother's sight to the lock-up.

AND so let me end with HOOD's beautiful lines:—

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

An Imperial Question.

[The German Emperor has stopped the fitting out at Cowes of the yacht *White Heather*, which he had hired for a trip to the Mediterranean.]

O KAISER, what *we* are most eager to know
Is why you give up the *White Heather?*
It is not we are sure that you 'd willingly show
On your nautical cap the white feather.

A CHANCE IN HIS ABSENCE.—Who does not remember the excellent life-like portrait of "Dr. JIM," painted by Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., exhibited at Burlington House? It was "a speaking likeness." Could it oblige us, now, with some information?

IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg died at sea, of the effects of African fever, incurred in the Ashanti Campaign, on January 20, 1896.

"UNTO each man his fate." 'Twas his to fall
In a campaign else bloodless; yet may all
True victory's laurels deck this Prince's pall.

A brave man facing duty with stout heart
Knows not, nor heeds, whence flies the fatal dart;
To await it calmly is the hero's part.

In patriot battle's keen blood-stirring close
A man might chose to die, but history knows
Her noblest oft have fallen to unseen foes.

They serve who wait, England's great singer saith.
He who on duty's road encounters death,
With proud content may yield his latest breath.

All England grieves with her whom England's crown
Shields not from sorrow; nor its love, deep down
In myriad bosoms, from fate's adverse frown.

And her, the all-faithful daughter, loving wife,—
The People's heart, perplext with sounds of strife,
And rumours wild wherewith the realm is rife,

Yet turns to her in this her hour of grief;
Praying for her Heaven's balm, of boons the chief,
The solace of home-love and high belief.

"COME HITHER, HUBERT!"

THAT artful necromancer, HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., who holds us enchanted by his skill, causing us to wonder at his daring, admire his pluck, and his infinite capacity for taking pains, is now throwing an entirely new and, indeed, an electric light on the ancient Black (and White) art. He begins with a "positive process." Some persons never in a lifetime get beyond this. These "positivists" employ a process so positive, and believe in themselves, as royalists believe in a monarch who can "do no wrong." But this is not the case with our gentle professor HUBERT: professor and eke a practiser. He goes from the "positive" process to the "comparative,"—comparing other results with those which he has already obtained,—and from the "comparative" he arrives at the "superlative," which he tells us in his lecture is superlatively satisfactory, and is destined to supersede the more laborious road, as the railway has superseded the coach. "In no method of black and white work that is known to me," says our HUBERT, "is rapidity of workmanship so safe and so satisfactory." By this new method the artist, who is to be his own reproducer, will, in a jiffy (so to speak, and not quoting the words of the Master), readily reach the masses with autographic touch, so that anyone with a taste for real art, but lacking the means to gratify it, may acquire a genuine article, whose originator "*dessinit engravedit dédit et sinedit*," for some ridiculously small sum within the capacity of the shallowest pocket. "*Oliver* asks for more." We would hear further of this, anon.

A GAMPISH REMARK.—From the Veuve Monnier et ses Fils inquiry it appears, from the evidence, that the Veuve Monnier was an invention of the ingenious person who started the company. Evidently, as "there never was no such person," the English translation of "Veuve Monnier" is "MRS. HARRIS."

DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

He. "I WONDER YOU 'RE NOT AFRAID OF GOING TO NICE AFTER THOSE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES!"

She. "OH, SURELY THOSE THINGS ARE ALWAYS CONFINED TO THE POORER QUARTERS OF THE TOWN!"

THE TWO SENATORS.

(*Mr. Punch of Fleet Street to Mr. Walcott of Washington.*)

["When I hear . . . that the people of the British Isles, in defence of what they deem their rights, are marshalling armies and assembling navies ready and undaunted to face the world in arms, unyielding and unafraid, I thank God I am of that race. Blood is thicker than water, and until a just quarrel divides us—which heaven forbid—may these two great nations of the same speech lineage, and traditions stand as brothers shoulder to shoulder in the interests of humanity by a union-compelling peace."—*Senator Walcott in the American Senate, speaking upon Senator Davis's resolution.*]

SAY! Senator WALCOTT on Senator DAVIS
Comes sweeter than sugar-a-top of molasses!
The song of the mocking-bird, bobolink, mavis,
The bellicose squawk of the eagle surpasses.
Sweet! Sweet!
You're bad to beat,
Senator WALCOTT, whom warmly we greet!!!

Senator DAVIS—*non Œdipus!*—swaggers
And blows windbags out to their fullest inflation.
But Senator WALCOTT knows pistols and daggers [nation.
Won't scare, no, not much, a high-spirited
Bosh! Bosh!
Windbags won't wash, [squash.
Unless a man's soft as your own punkin-

Senator WALCOTT is almost *too* flattering,
Paints JOHNNY BULL in a posture heroic.
Well, we're not sweet on thrasonical chattering,
But kindred's praises would soften a stoic.
Joy! Joy!
WALCOTT, dear boy,
Tributes like yours touch our hearts, and don't cloy.

"Thicker than water?" You bet! So much thicker
That CLEVELAND *plus* DAVIS *plus* Spread-eagle Jingo,
The chuckling tail-twister, the asinine kicker,
Don't count—when compared with your gen-u-ine stingo!
Drink! Drink!
'Tother eye wink,
And—tangled affairs will soon come out of kink!

"Thank God you're one of our race?" O, *Punch* blushes!
And yet, like your "bars," Leo loves virgin honey.
And swiftly JOHN's face fervent friendliness flushes
When JONATHAN proffers the comb! Is that funny?
Shake! Shake!
That doesn't mean *quake*.
But tip us your fist for old kinship's dear sake!

"Shoulder to shoulder?" Why, Senator WALCOTT,
That's just as we ought to be, much like two brothers
Who learned at one knee, and slept in the same small cot.
And "so mote it be," and *shall* be, despite pothers.
So! So!
Now, let 'em "blow"!
Row, boys, row together, in spite of MONROE!

Senator DAVIS—*non Œdipus*—"guesses,"
No doubt, like most Yanks, but he ain't guessed *our* riddle!
But, Senator WALCOTT, the Britisher blesses,
The man who hits "common-sense" bang in the middle.
Drinks! Drinks!
You've floored the Sphinx!
And *Punch* tells you straight what each Britisher thinks!

BALLADE OF HAPPINESS.

WE've sailed the ocean's trackless main,
Full many a passing pleasant day,
Now back in England once again
We come, and come, alas! to stay.
Back in the old familiar fray
We fight to live. Yet dear to me
The thought that naught can take away
The happy days we spent at sea?

With games we ever dared to strain
Our nerves and thews in ceaseless play.
We bet upon the run to gain
A livelihood—it didn't pay!
To one another's great dismay
We bluffed at poker—"Raise you three"—
Can any pen aright portray
The happy days we spent at sea?

Our conduct was—well, hardly sane,
With none at hand to say us Nay.
We danced, we sang, we ragged. In vain
They strove to stop our "making hay."
In future when our fancies stray,
And we are lost in reverie,
Shall we not often softly say,
"The happy days we spent at sea"?

L'Envoi.

Friend, if you're feeling far from gay,
Come, drink this sentiment with me,
"May we repeat without delay
The happy days we spent at sea."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—GALWAY has been handed over to Belgium.

"JONATHAN JINGO!"

Scene from the Pantomime of "Jonathan Jingo: or, Harlequin Arbitration and The Blisseful Boundary."

Clown. "Oh, I say! here's a jolly old gun. Let's see how much it'll stand without bustin'!"
Pantaloon. "Don't load 'im too full, Joey!"

THE NOVICE AT NIAGARA.

AN exercise elating
The gentle art of skating,
When gracefully gyrating
You circle round the place,
To pretty partner prating
Of news not worth narrating,
It is most aggravating
To fall upon your face.

But then the joy of whirling,
Of twisting and of twirling,
Let Scotchmen sing of curling,
Of golf, and games like these,
I fly about like winking,
"So swanlike," I am thinking,
When, on a sudden sinking,
I'm down upon my knees.

As pale as alabaster,
The art I vow to master,
And, reckless of disaster,
Once more I will essay
To cut a simple "figger,"
Which here is quite *de "rigger,"*
I try;—and people snigger
Who watch me limp away.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Referring to the issue of a "compressed" version of RIDER HAGGARD'S *She*, at a penny, someone suggests as a title for the series of which this is the first venture, "The Liebig Library." But old GRUMPY (who hates Penny Dreadfuls, Shilling Shockers, Three-and-sixpenny Thrillers, and all shapes of what he calls "romantic rubbish") says he thinks the two syllables in "Liebig" should, for this purpose, be transposed! Perhaps "Pemmican Pennyworths" would be better.

TURKEY AND *THE* POWER.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT! YOU EXCLUDE *ME*, WILL YOU?"
Sultan. "OH NO, MY DEAR MR. PUNCH! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! COME BACK AGAIN, AND I WON'T ALLOW ANY MORE ATROCITIES!"

["'PUNCH' EXCLUDED" FROM TURKEY.—"The English are justifiably indignant, &c."—*Daily Chronicle*, January 20.]

SVENGALIVANTING.

WONDERFUL! But ten minutes ago he was *Gentleman Joe*, the red-faced, flaxen-haired Hansom Cabby; and *now* he is the pasty-faced, hook-nosed, black-bearded, and black-haired *Svengali*. None can complain of not getting full change for their money, so complete is the transformation. *Gecko*, *Taffy*, *The Laird*, *Little Billee*, have their chances; while *Trilby* herself, with the Baird feet, is as near the original as anyone totally different from her can be when arrayed in a similar costume. But all these are details of no importance. The central Tree-ilby figure is *Svengali*. The travestie is introduced *à propos de bottes*, a phrase most applicable in the case of "*Trilby's* tootsies," and depends simply and solely on Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS's burlesque impersonation of DU MAURIER'S memorable mesmeriser, *Svengali*. There is not a Beerbohmian trick that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS has not caught and reproduced to preposterously absurd perfection. It is a very masterpiece of burlesque imitation, the art of which is impressed on the audience by his suddenly dropping it all, and while retaining the make-up of *Svengali*, re-asserting his own Arthurian individuality. Then, the equally sudden resumption of the Svengali manner is admirable. Finally, within five minutes all *Svengali*—a study in black and white—has disappeared, and he is once again the rubicund, flaxen-haired Hansom Cabman.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LAST week I was extolling the pocketable library, by which I mean, especially, the "small-pocket" library, as therein mentioned. If I omitted to particularise, as included in my laudation, the red-backed, prettily bound, and clearly typed series of standard works in prose and poetry published by GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, it is just because these volumes, like the poor, are always with me; and secondly, because, on their first appearance in public, I had already given them their meed of praise. The volumes I have enumerated are genuinely "pocket volumes," *i.e.*, volumes that can be, without any inconvenience, carried in an ordinary-sized coat pocket. The Cassell's Pocket Library, edited by MAX PEMBERTON, may suit CASSELL'S pocket (which, primarily, it was intended to do), but will not suit mine, nor, as I expect, any coat pocket which already has to carry a cigar-case and a note-book. The print is excellent, but in the case of *The Paying Guest*, by GEORGE GISSING, the print is better than the matter printed; for the story, beginning well, and having a *dramatis personæ* artistically individualised, soon becomes uninteresting, and then there's an end of it.

No. 1 of "Pierrot's Library" (JOHN LANE) is a story called *Pierrot*, by H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. A weird yet pathetic romance. An idea such as inspired this story might have occurred to the mystic fancy of a meditating dreamer seated on a deserted terrace amid the ruins of an old French *château*, as he gazed, listlessly at first, then with a curious interest, on two children, who, having dropped their toys, were standing in half-frightened, half-amused puzzlement, silently regarding the broken statue of a faun. Then they wander away into the woods, and so vanish. Whereupon John-a-dreams conceives the story of the place. There are but few characters in it, but one of them, *Joniaux*, an old Napoleonic corporal who lost his arm at Waterloo, may remind some of us, in a sketchy way, of a certain English veteran named *Corporal Trim*. The French used strange oaths in Flanders. So, probably, did their men at Waterloo. It is a fascinating romance for a spare couple of hours.

THE BARON.

The Doctor's Treatment.

Dubious Londoner.
How will they treat this "Dr. JIM,"
Who doesn't return "a winner"?

Hearty Citizen.
There's only one way of "treating" *him*.

Dubious Londoner.
And that is?——

Hearty Citizen.
Give him a dinner!
[*They shake hands, and exeunt.*

NOTE BY AN EARLY CHRISTIAN ADMITTED BEFORE 7.30.—If it be true that MR. WILSON BARRETT is doing big business with his Early-Christian-Martyr play, entitled *The Sign of the Cross*, then for him the legendary motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," will soon bear an entirely new and highly satisfactory meaning.

FROM A TRANSVAALIAN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

President Krüger soliloquises:—

"—— all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes, [backs
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
* * * *
How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!"
King John, Act II., Sc. 1.

Then he addresses the Chartered Company, substituting "neighbours" for "cousin's," and the plural for the singular, in the following lines:—

"I have had feeling of my neighbours' wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do them right (?):
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be their own carvers, and cut out their way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet them in this kind,
Cherish rebellion."
King Richard the Second, Act II., Sc. 3.

"MAY MAGISTRATES SIT WITH CLOSED DOORS?"—Yes, certainly; and with closed windows, too, should there happen to be any danger of a draught. Surely by now the question has been sufficiently ventilated. Shut up.

"ON SAFER GROUND."

First Doctor. "I ORDERED HIM AN ICE-COLD BATH EVERY MORNING."
Second Doctor. "WHAT, WHEN HE HAD INFLUENZA!"
First Doctor. "YES. IT WILL GIVE HIM PNEUMONIA, AND I MADE MY WHOLE REPUTATION CURING THAT!"

AN INTERVIEW.

"*AIMEZ-VOUS Paris?*" was the question put to Miss MARIE HALTON by the inevitable Parisian Interviewer, or, as they sometimes spell it, "Interwiewer," which, if pronounced as spelt, might, to English ears polite, sound like a "wooer" who had interpolated himself between two other "wooers." Wisely did Miss HALTON, "knowing the language," reply, "*A la folie! seulement je lui trouve un défaut...*"

"*Lequel?*" asks the Interviewer.

Then the astute MARIE sees her chance, and replies, triumphantly, "*Paris n'est pas en Amérique!*"

No, it isn't; and therefore, as LOWELL said, "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." What a number of good Americans there must be!

Of course Miss HALTON turns out to be partly American and partly French: not half and half, as fractional portions must be left vacant for her to fill up in the course of her future tours, just as Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly discovers that he is a Welshman, a Yorkshireman, a Scotchman, an Italian, or of any other nationality according to the place and circumstances of the occasion. It appears, according to the Interviewer, that Miss HALTON played at the Gaiety in the "*Schap Girl, de Dam et Ican Caryl.*" "*Enough! Hein! Assez d'interview!*" Who said this? Anyhow, the heroine of the "*Schap Girl*" seems to have made a hit in "gay Paree!"

JEER, BOYS, JEER!

A SONG FOR THE ENEMIES OF ENGLAND.

AIR—"*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*"

JEER, boys, jeer! JOHN BULL is doomed to sorrow.
Courage! Events seem shattering his sway.
Jackals may share the lion's skin to-morrow,
For some of them try twisting the Lion's tail to-day.
So farewell, England! Little did we love thee,
Crocodile tears alone your doom deplore.
Eagles now squeal, and cocks crow above thee,
So farewell, England—farewell for evermore!
Jeer, boys, jeer, that poor, played out old country!
Jeer, boys, jeer! She has foes on every hand.
Jeer, boys, jeer! Oh! won't there be fine pickings?
Jeer, boys, jeer! We'll cut up the Happy Land!

Jeer, boys, jeer! Columbia's Boss is "blowing,"
Boers bang her badly, France flouts her East and West,
Wild WILLIAM's Press thick mud at her is throwing,
Some bad home-birds take to fouling their own nest.
Long has hate lurked with little to reward it,
Now 'tis rare fun to smile on England's pain!
Ireland rejoices when England's need is sorest.
Bad old Britannia no more shall rule the main!
Jeer, boys, jeer! the proud old "Mother Country"!
Jeer, boys, jeer! in one big hostile band!
Jeer, boys, jeer! Oh! it *will* be love's own labour—
By no means lost—to cut up that fat old land.

AN "EVENING FROM HOME."—Look in at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, where, to the artistically effective series of "Living Pictures," is added an excellent reproduction of *Mr. Punch's* cartoon "*Ready.*" Britannia, "a fine figure of a woman," as *Mr. Weller, Senior*, observed, evokes enthusiastic plaudits. "The show" at the Palace Theatre ought to attract those who scruple about going to a theatre, because, in *tableaux vivants*, only such persons can possibly be employed as are able to give practical evidence of their "steadiness." Anyone at all "shaky" would be ineligible as a motionless statue.

AN EXTRA BIG D.

(*By Watson the Unparliamentary.*)

[See the *Purple East* and the *Daily Chronicle* of January 25.]

CALIPH, I fear I wasn't up to date—
I beg your pardon for that cheap swear-word,
It merged me with the fish-retailing herd,
Who crowd the approach to boozy Billingsgate,
Gregarious spirit-drinkers, and who state
Their choice opinions, like that well-known bird
The garden goose, whose voice is also heard
In pit or gallery with its hiss of hate.
For in a town where coster-folk abound
Big *d's* are legion, people dash their souls
Until the streets with expletives are crammed.
Thee with my purplest sonnet-aureoles
(My language makes the air blue) have I crowned
Sulphureously beyond all Sultans—*bless!*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE MODERN MUSKETEER'S SERENADE.

THE grey old grange is wrapped in light,
All dark the yew-tree glade,
Where in the loneliness of night
I make my ambuscade
Hard by the tower, whence the chime
Proclaims the hour of rest,
And brings the beauty sleep of time
To you within your nest.

Beneath the terrace each parterre
Is silvered in the dew,
But not a blossom can compare
In loveliness with you.
The nightingale with trill and shake
Bids all my heart rejoice—
Her melody could never make
The music of your voice.

I stand on guard to meet the foe
Who causes you to weep,
As in the days of long ago
A knight his watch would keep.
My matchlock 's ready for the fray,
My aim is quick and true;
I 'll stop the bold marauder's way,
His cruelty he 'll rue!

The air is getting over-damp,
The screech-owl's cry is shrill;
I would that I might dare to stamp,
My feet are very chill.
What 's that? Bang! Bang! Revenge is sweet!
Two bunnies! both are dead!
They 'll never more your roses eat,
Nor keep me from my bed.
Forgive the fright!
Good night! Good night!
My lady love, good night!

SONG OF THE OVER-RATED ONE.

OH, did you never hear from a (hem!) "Gas and Water Co.,"
Who for their rates do (confound them!) apply?
They send their collector to call ev'ry quarter! co-
-er-ci-on who does not hate and defy?
You cannot treat
The charge derisively,
He won't repeat
His call. Decisively
Says that the water and gas both "will be
Cut off if unpaid for!" The Briton so free
Must submit! Draw a cheque on the L. and C. B.

"WOULDN'T YER LIKE TER 'AVE ONE O' THEM THINGS, LIZA ANN?"
"NO. I WOULDN'T BE SEEN ON ONE. I DON'T THINK THEY 'RE NICE FOR LIDIES!"

THE MISSING MAN.

["In late years we have had too many men honoured with a memorial in Westminster Abbey. I really only know one man now alive who ought, when he dies, to be 'abbeyed.'"—*Truth*, January 23, 1896.]

WHAT *one* man would *Truth* within Westminster's walls bury?
It seems pretty certain, 'twouldn't be * * *.

And we think it is *not*, from what everyone knows, very
Likely this paragraph points to Lord * * *.

'Tis true there 's one man, for whom Tories' and Rads' tone
Alike shows respect. It *might* mean Mr. * * *.

But the fact is, the name of the man for the Abbey
Isn't mentioned through modesty. Well? Yes it 's * * *.

ORIGIN OF A TITLE.—It was a condition attached to the earldom of DE LA WARR, that the heir to the title should marry as early (and in as lordly a style) as possible, so that, gay and butterflyish as he might be, he should not elope. Hence the second title "Can't elope." "Elope," in ancient English, having been spelt that way.

QUERY.—Mr. RHODES is on his way back "to meet his detractors." Is "detractors" a misprint for "directors"?

THE PUGILIST TO HIS ANTAGONIST.

(*Suggested by a couple of verses in the P. M. G., January* 17.)

HIT again and strike me, BILL,—hit me on the nose;
Think not of a rib to break, think but of the art;
Let me see quite clear again, do not let us close:
Come, let me get near to you, then the pair they 'll part.

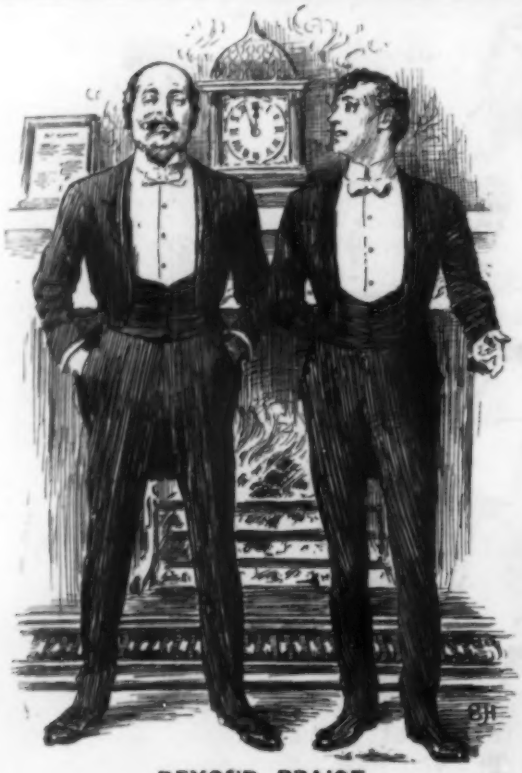
Bung'd up is one peeper, seeing not the light of day,
And from out the other one a blurring moisture drips;
We have but to fill the time until we share the pay.
Come again and hit me, do, hit me on the lips.

WORK MUCH APPRECIATED AT WHITSTABLE AND COLCHESTER.—*The Return of the Native*—into popular favour.

MOST APPROPRIATE ARRANGEMENT (*as advertised*).—"Season of *Matinées*, Daly's Theatre, Daily."

SUBJECT FOR A GRAND HISTORICAL PAINTING.—Mother COLUMBIA and her ugly ducklings.

SWEET STUFF IN SILK FOR SOUTHAMPTON ELECTORS.—Mr. CANDY, Q.C.



BEYOND PRAISE.

Roscius. "BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT A WORD OF PRAISE FOR ANYONE. I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO YOU WOULD CONSIDER A FINISHED WRITER!"

Criticus. "A DEAD ONE, MY BOY—A DEAD ONE!"

CHANNEL CHIT CHAT.

(*That should be Overheard at Guildhall.*)

["What an opportunity for the City Companies to present an ironclad or two fast cruisers to the Navy!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*]

THE *Cinderella*, with Admiral Master Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS's pennant flying, is worthy of the best traditions of the Loriners.

The Mercers are keeping up their reputation as Merchant Adventurers with the assistance of that excellent torpedo-boat catcher, *Thomas of Acorn*, under the command of the LORD MAYOR.

The Drapers insist (in a spirit of drollery) that their fast schooner, the *Gun Cotton*, is thimble-rigged. No doubt Mr. Alderman GREEN will make an excellent navigating lieutenant.

It showed much public spirit on the part of the Fishmongers to launch those gunboats, the *Sole*, *Plaice*, *Salmon*, *Skate*, *Mackerel*, and *Turbot*, officered from their own members of the livery.

The Goldsmiths have certainly produced a magnificent battle-ship in the shape of the *City Sovereign*. Mr. Alderman DAVIS will make the best of captains.

The Skinners have named their despatch-boat most appropriately the *Eel*. It will be ready for sea when Mr. Alderman FAUDEL PHILLIPS comes on board.

The Merchant Taylors are calling the armed cruiser they are busy building, the *Coat of Mail*.

The Haberdashers have done good service by placing their harbour-defence ship, the *Chest Protector*, at Portsmouth.

* * * * * *

And yet this sort of thing was done two hundred and thirty years ago!

Quite so. What was thought expedient in 1665, is no less necessary in 1896.

To be sure! And after all, it is acting with common sense. The City Fleet will preserve the City commerce. Trade follows the flag, so the protection of the flag is simply a matter of business. By increasing the Navy, the City merely enlarges its powers of insurance. So three cheers for the Corporation's Armada!

LORD LEIGHTON,

The President of the Royal Academy, died January 25, 1896, in his 66th year. His last words were, "My love to the Academy!"

A LIFE of high Art-love and lofty aims,
Crowned both with fortune's laurel and with fame's,
Passes, for love too soon.
Yet honour-crowded moments make true life,
Not empty length of years, ignoble strife,
Or Mammon's sordid boon.

Lately ennobled, and now lost! 'Tis sad!
Yet the far dream of the ambitious lad,
In the accomplished man,—
Artist and scholar, orator refined,
Chivalrous courtier, graced in mould and mind,
True *Crichton* of Art's clan,—

Was well fulfilled. To classic beauty vowed,
He stooped not to the market. Art is proud
Of him whose latest breath
Spake love for her, at dying pain's sharp cost.
Love she returns, knowing what she hath lost
By FREDERIC LEIGHTON's death.

"LE SPORT" IN THE BASSES PYRÉNÉES.

DETERMINED on having day with hounds. Went to *manège*. Hired animal that had once been a horse. It belonged, I should say, to era of first NAPOLEON, when it might have done duty as charger during Peninsular War. Proprietor described it as "a seasoned horse." It struck me as "a many-seasoned horse." Climbed up. Seated myself on back of this splendid ruin. Proceeded to the meet. Arrived. Felt myself elevated and statuesque. Find we are to hunt strong dead herring instead of crafty, lively fox. Have to wait some time, as Whipper-in assures me that *beaucoup de monde* are expected. *Beaucoup de monde* don't come. At length we move off. Hounds are laid on (sounds like the gas or the water, this, but sporting, nevertheless) in a small paddock, where *paysan propriétaire*, accompanied by a half-bred sheep-dog, is prepared to receive cavalry. Noticing, however, that he is armed with a two-pronged fork, we do not wait to exchange felicitations. *Note.*—The Basques, although a happy and contented, are not a sporting race.

We speed across paddock, scrambling over formidable stone wall, nearly eighteen inches high, into a lane. Up this we gallop at headlong pace. Farther progress blocked by good *paysans*, who, in their earnest desire to stop hunting, have dragged, from a cottage hard by, a bedstead, two chairs, and a table: these, supplemented by wire rope and donkey-cart, form barricade across lane. We swerve aside and ride on recklessly; like LÜTZOW's wild jäger, "a hunting we go" (without music), across a country of ravine, common, and cabbage-stalks, until my own career is ruthlessly cut short through the heirloom I am bestriding falling over a fence into a melon-frame.

M. le propriétaire emerges from cottage. He says things. Seems quite excited, and doesn't appear to care for *le sport*. He works himself up into such a state of loquacity that he executes a sort of savage dance, during which he heedlessly approaches the south-western corner of my *cheval de chasse*. Animal gives casual glance round, and I note an expression in his starboard eye which bodes ill to somebody. I essay to warn *M. le propriétaire* in my very best French. He ignores my best French, and employs the worst possible French, directed towards me. In his wrath he inadvertently draws quite near the dangerous corner of prehistoric quadruped accurately directed at the nearest available spot on the body of *M. le propriétaire*. A crash! Not of bones but glass. Mister the proprietor has gone backwards into one of his own melon-frames. Here he sits in the shape of a "V," his head out one side and his legs upwards on the other, as helpless as a Punch-doll doubled up in his box. Finding myself, fortunately, still in the saddle, I urge the prehistoric to greater efforts: in a few minutes, at all events long before Mister the proprietor has extricated himself from his "glass with care," we are on the high road. . . . Safely returned to stable. Say, patronizingly, "*Pas mal ce cheval*" (which has a touch of poetry in it), and am discreetly silent as to the incident of Mister the proprietor and the melon-frame. The next day I quit the locality, omitting to leave my address. Like the wily Reynard, I am "Gone away!"

NATURE'S REVOLT. FEVER STRICKEN.

THE GOLDFIELDS.

'How quickly Nature falls into Revolt when Gold becomes her object.'—*Shakspeare.*

"I may say that for over ten years I have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' pretty freely, and, under trying conditions of life and climate, have never needed any other Medicine while yours was procurable. In tropical Queensland and the TERRIBLY HOT FEVER-STRICKEN GOLDFIELDS of West Australia I have put my faith solely in Old 'ENO,' and I am happy to say always pulled through by its help. In New Guinea—A NOTED FEVER SPOT—ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' worked marvels among a party of gold miners of which I was the leader. Every morning we religiously took a dose of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and FEVER LOST ITS TERRORS. You are at liberty to make any use of this you like. Yours truly, 'W. S.' Sydney, New South Wales, Nov. 27, 1895."

BANGKOK, SIAM.

"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. Loftus, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. Davidson, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.

EGYPT, CAIRO.—"Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A Corporal, 19th Hussars.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND.

IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, An Anglo-Indian Official."

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CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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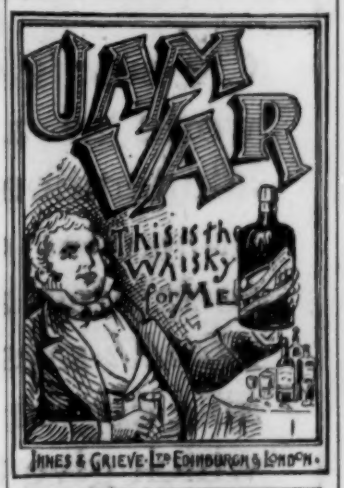

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